Dione Turner was, without question, an informer 12/16/93
for the New Orleans police vice (Drugs) squad. She was not unknown to the feds but they were cagier in talking to me. She became an informer for me. It did not take me long to learn that she was a gifted, spontaneous, uninhibited and extraordinarily imaginative liar. Yet she was also quite accurate and I did get good information from her. I could never decide whether, as she represented, she was connected with the CIA. I remember involving Jim and Jennifer White in this. They began to refer to her as the pixie and I had that on a file. We had an extensive correspondence, so extensive I've often wondered what else I could have done with all the time that took. Because going over that correspondence could be a real problem for Hood, so much of it hurtful to her, I went to that file drawer some time ago when I was in the basement and found much less in it that I am certain was there. What I brought up I've gone over and I've discarded most of it. I am pretty clear in my recollection of having marked that file drawer pixie down in the basement. Most of the original of her letters are not in what I brought up, I apparently made copies for those files I've just gone over.

She did known Philip Geraci III and it is through her that I was able to interview him. She knew Bringuier, Layton Martens and Garrison's star phony witness, Perry Russo. I once caught Marten outside the door of Barbara Reid's apartment when I was interviewing Dione there. She travelled to sports events with Martens and Russo, confirmed by Russo. She was 21 when I first met here, through Reid. Her then boyfriend was Jack Werking, name misspelled in some I glanced at. I could find no innocent explanation of all the names she knew and used, and that made me wonder if there is some truth in what she said that I could not confirm. I taped many interviews and Lil transcribed some of them. She is Catholic yet could write biblical Hebrew, rare according to the local Rabbi, Kosman. She professed great respect for Moshe Dayan and pronounced here name Dayan. She did know the name of the New Orleans CIA head, Leake, not common knowledge. She often did know of my travels when I did not tell and she'd call Lil then and talk to her. We have Xmas tree ornaments she made for us, on Masonite. There was a period of time when she phoned just about daily for a month or so, somehow gypping the phone company. Once when I was staying with the Matt Herrons she showed up, with a leg and a thigh in a caste and with Werking, to give me a half gallon of Scotch she had just stolen for me. Werking confirmed that she had stolen it. It was then warm even for New Orleans so she could not have hidden in inside her blouse of shorts. And was she conspicuous with that caste and on crutches!

She was remarkable bright and imaginative. I tried to encourage her to get an education. She did enroll in LSUNO for a term and wasted it.

She was in jail in Houston for as I recall several years. I neved could get from her why. But she did write me from inside the jail and my letters did reach her then.

Li thinks the reason we've not heard from her in years is that I was a bit short the last time she phoned because we had people here. I have no recollection of that. I think she could well have done something serious or gotten into serious trouble. She was much too confident about her schemes. And they could be pretty wild!

She was a radiologist and could get work doing that.

She was very skinny and flat-chested.

The night she agreed to help me she suddenly pulled a dagger out from between her shoulderblades when she was wearing only a blouse and shorts and so fast I do not recall knowing from where she produced an over-and-under derringer, two single shots. It was loaded.

One reason I originally continued to save the correspondence is because she would make a quite different character in a novel